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Splendid Premiums for Getting up Clubs.

Illustrated "Gold Gift." Large-Size Steel-Engraving. Extra Copy for 1884.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the best and cheapest of the lady's books. It gives more for the money, and contains greater merit than any other. In short, it has the Best Steel Engravings, Best Original Stories, Best Colored Fashion Plates, Best Work-Table Patterns, Best Dress-Patterns, Best Music, Etc., Etc.

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For Larger Clubs Greater Inducement!

Address, post-paid, to

CHARLES J. PETERSON,

308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—Specimens sent gratis, if written for to get up clubs with.

—42—

When Lovely Woman!

Smiles we naturally look for that row of pearls so fitting to fair features, how often we are disappointed every one knows. These brown stains and tawny deposits can be removed without injury to the teeth by using

Wood's Odontine which does its work harmlessly and effectually. Try it at once. W. C. FISHER,

Wholesale Agent, Columbia, S. C.

For sale in Newberry. Mar. 17th.

M. FOOT

Offers Extra Bargains!

You will save money!

By buying from his

Full and Winter-selected stock of

Boots, Shoes,

Clothing, Trunks,

Hats, Notions,

Groceries, &c.

—42—

BRADFIELD'S

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Bradfield's Female

Regulator

Is a Special Remedy for all diseases pertaining to the female system, and is especially efficacious in cases of suppressed or painful menstruation, the Whites, and Partial Prolapsus. It affords immediate relief and permanently restores the menstrual function. As a remedy to be used during that critical period known as "Change of Life," this invaluable preparation has no rival!

Holmes' Liniment

Is an INESTIMABLE BOON to all children, young women; a real blessing to suffering families; a true

MOTHER'S FRIEND.

When applied two or three months before confinement it will produce a safe and quick delivery, control pain, and alleviate the usual agonizing suffering beyond the power of language to express it.

Pryor's Ointment

Is a sure and speedy cure for Blind or Bleeding Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Tumors, Fistula, Hemorrhoids, Corns, Felons, Sore Nipples, etc. Its effects are simply marvelous, and it is an inexpressible blessing to all afflicted with either of the above complaints. Try it!

For circulars, testimonials, and full particulars, address Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of these

THREE GREAT REMEDIES!

J. BRADFIELD,

No. 108 South-Pryor-St., ATLANTA, GA.

GOLD

for the working class. Send in

cents for postage, and we will

send you a box of gold goods that will

put you in the way of making more money in a

few days than you thought possible at any

business. Capital not required. We will

start you. You can begin at any time or

time only. The work is universally adapted to

both sexes, young and old. You can easily

earn 50 cents to \$5 every evening. That all

who want work may test the business, we

make this unparalleled offer to all who

are not well satisfied, we will send \$1 to pay

for the trouble of writing us. Full particu-

lars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortune

will be made by those who give their whole

time to the work. Great success absolutely

guaranteed. Don't delay. Start now. Address

SILVER CO., Portland, Maine.

—42—

ITCHING PILLS—Symptoms and Cure.

The systems are moisture, like perspiration,

intense itching, increased by scratching,

and the itching is particularly at night.

It is a skin disease, and is caused by the

itching results may follow "SWAYNE'S

ITCHING PILLS," which are sold by all

Druggists. Itch, Salt Rheum, Scabies, Eczema,

Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Boils, etc., all

scaly, crusty skin diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1884.

No. 26.



Poetry.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Hi and whoop-hooray boys!
Sing a song of cheer!
Here's a holiday, boys,
Lasting half a year!
Round the world, and half is
Shadow we have tried;
Now we're where the laugh is—
On the sunny side!

Pigeons coo and flutter,
Strutting high aloft
Where the sunbeams flutter
Through the stable roof,
Hear the chickens cheep, boys,
And the hen with pride
Clucking them to sleep, boys,
On the sunny side!

Hear the clacking guinea,
Hear the cattle moo,
Hear the horses whinny,
Looking out at you!
On the hitching-block, boys,
Grandly satisfied,
See the old pea-cock, boys,
On the sunny side!

Robins in the peach-tree,
Bluebirds in the pear,
Blossoms over each tree
In the orchards there!
All the world in joy, boys,
Glad and glorified,
As a romping boy, boys,
On a sunny side!

Where's a heart as mellow?
Where's a soul as free?
Where is any fellow
We would rather be?
Just ourselves or none, boys,
World around and wide,
Laughing in the sun, boys,
On the sunny side!

—John W. Reilly.

could be except at his trade, and Becky's wishing stopped for heaven only knew how long by a great fellow in the palm of her right hand. But Becky loved the queer little mortal she had married; so well, that she stopped crying first, and picked up her head and patted it, and kissed him between the eyes—great frightened, light blue eyes, that seemed made for crying.

"You stay at home and mind the place," she said. "I'm going out awhile. Perhaps there'll be a bit of luck—who knows?"

She put on her bonnet and shawl—such a thin little shawl—which had been used for an ironing cloth, and had an iron-shaped scorch between the shoulders—and took up a basket.

The cobbler looked at her. "Becky," he said, hoarsely; "The little children, Nick," she said; "we could starve—but them poor little critters. Nick, it won't seem like begging when its for them."

And then the door shut behind her—and poor Nick limped after her, as though to stop her; then paused, and fairly hung himself down upon the floor, wishing he were under the ground beneath it.

"God forgive the man that marries a woman to starve her," he sobbed. "Why, if I'd known it would have come to this, I'd never have courted her. It's time I was dead."

Perhaps being a strange, impulsive little fellow, there might have been a tragic end to this little scene, but that the children came in from school and began to cry—partly at the sight of their prostrate father, partly because of hunger—and Nick forgot himself to do what he could for them.

He had no dinner, but he had a great deal of love to give them and some pieces of red kid. Only the youngest chewed the kid, and the fact that "mother" and the basket were gone together impressed them with a hope of provisions.

Meanwhile Becky had gone a-begging. It would be horrible, no doubt, she thought, to take food from strangers, but she found there was one thing even more terrible—not to take it.

Door after door was slammed in her face. Once a dog was set at her, or she thought so. Profession al beggars had made themselves nuisances to many people, and how were they to know real poverty when it asked alms? Men whom they had pitied as paupers proved to be owners of real estate. Cripples and blind men whom they had aided were found to have bound up strong limbs and glued their eyes together—so they were hard upon real distress and refused it broken bread.

At 6 that evening Becky stood at a street corner with one crust in her basket—no more.

Beyond lay a pawnbroker's shop and Becky looked at its golden balls and at her wedding ring. She had worn it fifteen years and it was thin and frail, but pure gold. Through all she had kept it until now. Must it go? The thought was worse than begging.

Becky took a step forward, another back. Then she began to cry a little. Nick's ring that he put on her hand so long ago—oh, dear! oh, dear!

But she grew brave again and walked into the shop and pawned the ring. It was not much they gave her for it, but it would buy supper, and perhaps Nick wouldn't notice; and perhaps she could get it back. That was a very faint, "perhaps," however.

A woman was in the pawnshop as she waited bargaining with the proprietor over a suit of little girl's clothing—costly things, strangely out of place in her hands. Becky noticed this, saying to herself that they were never fairly come by. But she had forgotten all about it when, coming out of the baker's a little voice fell on her ear, and, looking down, she saw a barefoot child of four in wretched rags, sobbing piteously.

Becky was soft of heart; but in poor parishes crying children were common enough, and her own were waiting for the leaves in the basket. She walked on lightly, and so up to the door. Then Becky must needs stop and pick her up.

"Why don't you go home to your mother this night time," she said, "and not stand here to be knocked down?"

where would Nick have been and the children and me this night. Not that I did anything but what a Christian ought, but see how we were paid for it.

A new baby came frequently to that establishment; and the children, in their juvenile view of such matters, opined that they had "another little sister."

"It's a poor lost child," said Becky. "I'm going to keep it tonight. It's parents are poorer than we are; you can see that by its bare feet and only one little frock, poor thing! Now hold her, Nick, while I cook supper. I didn't beg it Nick—so don't fret!"

And then, keeping her ring-finger out of sight, Becky fried the ham, and made gravy, and cut bread, and sent for two cents' worth of milk—which, judiciously diluted, made a quart of milk and water—and tried to be very cheerful.

The youngest, who had chewed the red kid, acted as interpreter. Soon it was discovered that some woman, described as "nasty," had taken away the child's blue dress and other garments, and had whipped her.

Becky listened intently. "That dress was blue, Nick," she cried. "I knew it wasn't hers—a tipsy, ragged woman; and folks that own them things don't come to pawning, I—"

Then she paused; the secret was out. Nick's eye had danced toward her wedding-ring, and back again to her face.

"Oh, Becky!" he cried. "Becky we didn't think—" Becky flushed scarlet. "I didn't mean to tell," she said "but now it is out; I'm married all the same, thank God. It was at the pawnshop I saw the blue dress." And she told them of the woman she had watched and of her suspicions. "The child has been stole, Nick," she said. "It's a genteel child, you can see, and if we can but find its name out we may save some one trouble we never had. Think of one of ours being gone all night, Nick!"

The baby's name seemed to be Minnie Smith—though "M. S." might be anything else, and putting the children all to bed, all in a row like the little ogres in the fairy tales, save that they had no crowns on, Nick and his wife started off to the pawnbroker's.

The man was good-natured, and looked at the garments. They were marked M. S.

"I am right then," said Becky. "They are the child's, and they were stole. And if we can but find its poor mother, we'll save her more than any but a mother can tell."

"But think of all the Smiths," said the pawnbroker. "There's thousands of 'em."

"And thousands," said Becky. "But these men—the police—they may know."

And out went Nick and Betty to question the guardians of the night until, at last, despairing of an answer, they were turned "homeward," under a blaze of light from an open door fell over them, and they saw on the steps a weeping woman and a tall, handsome man.

"My precious little Minnie!" cried the woman.

Then Nick and Becky gave a sort of little cheer in unison. "It's them," said Becky; "them certain sure. Oh, mum, if your name is Smith, and you've lost a little girl, we've found her."

And then the cobbler and his wife were pounced upon and the story told.

In half an hour the six little ogres without crowns were aroused from their slumbers by an arrival, and the old baby in their midst was taken out, to their distress and consternation, for they had counted on keeping her.

And Nick and Becky forgot their own troubles in their parents' joy. And Nick said it was "like poetry," and Becky said it was like a play.

And so it was—one with a happy ending—for what should the lady do but beg and pray Becky to tell her what she would like best, and Becky confessed that to have her wedding-ring back was the hope of her life; and this led to the cause of its pawning, and all the story of poverty and sorrow. The dark hours ended and day broke; and there was food in the house, and fire; and as it happened that the baby Minnie's father needed just such an honest man for work as poor Nick could do, he gave the place to the cobbler; and from that day there was enough and to spare in the little home, because of the simple goodness shown to baby Minnie.

"So it's never time thrown away to do a kindness to any one," says Becky, often, "for somehow you always are rewarded for it. If I'd left the little lost beggar's child, as I thought it, in the street, and never stopped to care for it—as I might have done in such trouble—"

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent, on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cent per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

—42—

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

is this: In the spring of the year the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets shut up their cottages, and driving their cattle before them, ascend the mountains and live in their chalets during the summer months. They do not stay in one chalet all the time, but when the pasturage becomes poor, ascend to another, and still another, changing their abode perhaps eight or nine times in the course of the season. The scanty furniture of the different chalets remains in them from year to year, as they have but to bring the implements they require for the making of their butter and cheese. These the father carries, the elder children helping him; the little children run by his side, and the mother lifts the cradle with the baby in it, on her head, fastens the milk pail and the family umbrella on her shoulders, and taking her knitting in her hand, works away industriously at a pair of coarse worsted gaiters for Seppi, or a neckerchief for Kathi, as she ascends the mountain. What would the mother do if she had to hoist an English cradle on her head, and ascend the steep mountain with it?

Whereas, it is the desire of the people of the State of South Carolina to promote the education of all people who inhabit her territory, which desire is evidenced by the fact that those who now administer the affairs of the State have amended the Constitution so that an annual tax of 2 mills upon the taxable property and a poll tax of 81 per head is levied for the support of the public schools which are open to all classes, and: Whereas, it is earnestly desired that the public schools of this State may be rendered productive of still greater good to those classes who cannot be educated without aid, therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate of the State of South Carolina, (the House of Representatives Concurring), That our Senators and Representatives in the United States be, and they are hereby urged to use all their endeavors to obtain Federal aid for the promotion of the public schools of this and our sister States, according to the ratio of illiteracy existing in the States.

Further Resolved, That the clerks of the Senate and House of Representatives do furnish copies of this Resolution to our Senators and Representatives in Congress for presentation to said body.

(Signed) T. STORV FARRAR, Clerk of the Senate, JOHN T. SLOAN, Clerk of the House of Representatives.

I hold my place in the Senate of the United States through the action of the Legislature of South Carolina, and the members of that body are